

South Carolina Leader.

ALLEN COFFIN, Editor. "First the blade, then the ear after that the full corn in the ear."—Paul. FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Vol. I. CHARLESTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 25, 1865. No. 8.

SOUTH CAROLINA LEADER.
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PROSPECTUS
FOR THE
South Carolina Leader.
A Weekly Journal of the Times.
THE LEADER will be devoted to the interest of Free Labor and general reform.
The Federal Government will be sustained at all hazards; and we hope that its ultimate policy towards this State will ensure peace, prosperity, and domestic tranquility.
That self-evident truth, contained in the Declaration of Independence, "That all men are created equal," will be steadfastly adhered to.
In matters of local concern, it will give its earnest support to all important public measures and practical improvements.
While fearless in its advocacy of the Right, and frank in its denunciation of the Wrong, its columns will never be made a channel of coarse personal abuse. It will deal with principles rather than men, and allow the free and candid discussion of all subjects pertaining to the public good.
In striving to make this emphatically a paper for the people, we confidently look to them for the amount of subscription and advertising patronage, which its worth demands.

T. HURLEY & CO.

POETRY.
BOX No. 4.
BY DELIA DENISON.
Slowly and sadly I walked down the lane
When the evening sun was low,
Following the grass grown foot path
Which led to the village below.
My heart is a strange foreboding,
I could not divine wherefore,
For to the post-office I was going,
To peep into "Box No. 4."
The village was never so lonely,
The streets were never so still,
The brook was never so sluggish,
And never so lazy the mill,
On the pavement I halted a moment,
Then passed through the half-open door,
And with step neither firm nor steady
Walked up to Box No. 4.
I tapped on the glass pane slightly;
The post-master gave me the mail;
He spoke to me cheerily, kindly,
And asked what mail I was to take.
One thin, yellow letter he gave me,
This only, and nothing more;
I knew 'twas for me, for I saw it
While it lay in Box No. 4.
I took it with hand that trembled,
My heart beat with joy and with fear,
Yet I tried to walk away calmly,
And choked down the rising tear.
A stranger hand had indorsed it,
My heart grew sickly and sore;
Oh, why was it sent to me then?
Why came it to Box No. 4?
My Charlie had been wounded in battle,
A minnie-ball in his side,
And comrades had tenderly nursed him,
Else he ere this had died.
But now in the hospital lonely,
He knew that his warfare was o'er—
He knew this would be the last letter
He should send to Box No. 4.
The papers had said "severely,"
But I had hoped they might be wrong,
And so my poor heart took comfort,
Though the days were dreary and long,
But now his farewell came to me,
In his loving language of yore,
In the fervent, tear-stained letter
Which came to Box No. 4.
I neither screamed nor fainted,
But walked through the lane as before,
And in my love walk homeward
That letter I read o'er and o'er,
I knew that I now was a widow,
Though his name I never bore—
But he had said I should in the letter
Which had come to Box No. 4.
A year have I been a widow,
Though the weeds I cannot wear,
But my heart is draped in mourning,
And the grief has hidden there,
And sometimes that tear-stained letter
I bring out and read o'er more—
That letter which made me a widow,
Which came to Box No. 4.
MATINE.
In the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle way,
In the new miracle of dawning light,
Facing the East with prophetic day,
We thank thee, O dear God!
For the fresh life that through our being flows,
With its full tide, its strength and its love,
For each sweet thought, each feeling, each hope,
Which thou dost give us, O dear God!

To thee, O God, we thank thee,
For the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle way,
In the new miracle of dawning light,
Facing the East with prophetic day,
We thank thee, O dear God!
For the fresh life that through our being flows,
With its full tide, its strength and its love,
For each sweet thought, each feeling, each hope,
Which thou dost give us, O dear God!

MISCELLANY.

MY CONTRABAND.

BY MARK A. DENISON.

"I was just folding up my sewing," said Mrs. Lansing, resuming her knitting, as Mary took away her bonnet and shawl.
And here let me pause to say that Mrs. Lansing is one of my dearest friends, and the purest Christian lady of my acquaintance. She had been travelling all the morning by steamboat, and through some mismanagement, not her own, had missed the train she intended, and had called upon me to pass away the time. Kaiting in hand, she sat talking until I prevailed upon her to remain with us at least one night.
So, naturally, she resumed the thread of her conversation, which had been broken by these proceedings.
"I was just folding up my sewing when I heard the faintest tinkle of the bell, as if a pair of little weary hands had pulled the rope. My husband looked up from his paper in some surprise. I glanced at the clock. It was half-past nine. Who could it be at that hour? Martha had gone to bed; my husband was sick; and it devolved upon me to wait upon the door. I went, therefore, fearful that some of the neighbors had been taken ill. The raw wind blew the snow in my face as I opened the door. I did not know a storm had commenced. For a moment I could see nothing; then looking down, my light shined upon a little child, whose wild, dark eyes stared at me.
"Please, ma'am, do you want a girl?" she asked, a look of piteous entreaty making her face strangely old.
"Want a girl?" I repeated in astonishment.
"Yes, ma'am, I can work if I am little; and I ain't got anywhere to go."
I cast a glance down at her clothes—ragged, thin—her red bare hands, her little, shivering form.
"Come in where it is warm," I said; "you will perish in the street, and shivering and half sobbing, the strange little creatures staggered within.
"You see I've been walking all day, and I'm sort o' numb like," she said when I had given her a seat within sight of the fire, my husband still looking on in amazement.
Well he might, for the face was no ordinary one, though it was far from beautiful. The brown hair escaped from her wet, unshapely hood, in masses of thick, neglected curls, and rippled where it lay along her dark forehead in natural waves that no crimping could imitate. A look of suffering seemed on those small features. She must have been very intimate with sorrow or oppression that all the alchemy of youth could not overcome.
"Where were you thinking of passing the night?" I asked her.
"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, except I thought God would give me a shelter somewhere. Miss Virginia taught me never to despair. She said when it was darkest, if I would only pray and have faith, God would always do something for me, and He has."
"Who was Miss Virginia?" asked my husband.
"She was my dear sweet mistress, sir! the dearest and sweetest that ever lived. Her father was Dr. Woodward, of Macon, and he owned me. My dear Miss Virginia! she was as much an angel then as she is now. Oh, dear Miss Virginia!
She sat with clasped hands looking into the fire, and over her swarthy cheeks the tears were running like rain. She looked such a mite, and so desolate!
"Here is some supper for you," said I. "You must be hungry; eat, and afterwards you shall tell us how you came here."
"Oh, I haven't tasted a thing to-day!" she cried, wiping the tears that blurred her vision. "Isn't that nice? Oh, madam, you are so kind to me, and you don't know anything about me."
"Then tell me your name," I said.
"Yes, ma'am, my name is Nelly Woodward. I can sew, and sweep, and knit some. I can make a bed beautifully—Miss Virginia taught me, because she said I was always to stay with her, and wait upon her—yet she died. I've been used to work. If you'll let me stay here all night, I'll pay for it in the morning."
"Why, child, you did at least take all

this pains to put life into you to have it frozen out of you before morning, did you?" asked my husband.
"Oh, no, sir," she replied hesitatingly, "but then I haven't always found people so good. I tried to find a place all yesterday. I have only been out here two days, and last night I slept in the street, under a deep, dark doorway. I was so afraid; but nobody saw me till this morning, when the girl that opened the door, waked me up with a shove. She hurt my arm; but then I suppose, she thought, if I slept in that fashion, I couldn't be much. Oh, how bad, Miss Virginia would have felt if she had known it!"
"Miss Virginia is dead, I take it?"
"O, sir," she died so dreadfully! You see she would have married young Mr. Mead, who was a major in the Southern army, but one day she got a letter that he was dreadfully hurt; so she would go to the camp. Her mother and her grandmother and Harry, her little brother, and her cousin Matty all begged and prayed her not to go, but all they could say did no good. Oh, I shall never forget how she looked—so white and still, as if the life was all taken out of her; and her eyes glittered and looked so steady at everything, whenever she turned them, as she kept saying, "No, I can't leave him to die alone. I must go, danger or no danger." So she did go—and an ambulance brought her back."
"She was taken ill there?" I said.
"Oh worse than that. They told her he was killed, and the body had not been found. So she went to look for it, and there was another fight on that very spot, which had been lost and won twice, they said. Well, a shell struck her, struck her in the left side, and she lived only a week after they brought her home. It was a dreadful time that week for my mistress, her mother, didn't seem to know what to do in trouble. She only wrung her hands and went round the house moaning in a soft voice—but she looked terribly. The doctor was away, and though they tried, no word could be got to him. Her brother seemed cross and angry all the time because she suffered, and her cousin was as helpless as the rest. Miss Virginia called me to her and told me what to do. She said to me, 'Now, Nelly, there are going to be dreadful times here, I'm afraid, and I want you to stay by. Let all the rest leave if they will, but remember, I charge you to stay. I am going to die, but I am also going to God. It does not make me afraid, for I love the Lord Jesus, and I know he has forgiven me. When I lived you must comfort them.' She only lived a little while after," cried the child with another burst of grief.
We were silent, listening to this pathetic story from the lips of a child wise enough to teach us.

"When she died," continued the mite after a while, "it was just as she said. My master's wife lay down and wouldn't eat; the old grandmother didn't take to her bed, but she might as well, for she would sit all day rubbing her hands and groaning. Then Charley cut his foot and was laid up; then a letter came that Dr. Woodward was dead. And oh, dear; everything happened at once."
"Did the servants go?" I asked.
"Every one of them, and they tried to make me. My own mother sent word to me that I must go, and I would but for Miss Virginia. When I thought of her, and everybody sick, I didn't dare to."
"But who took care of the house?" asked my husband.
"Oh, I did that the best I could. Virginia's cousin helped me, but she was different from my dear Miss Virginia. She would get so angry and throw anything at me; but I did everything I could, because it seemed as if God gave me strength just as she said He would. Then Miss Matty was taken sick, and it proved to be the smallpox. Oh, that time was terrible! Nobody would come to the house, nobody would go near her—but I thought of Miss Virginia and my duty, and I prayed to God on my knees to strengthen me. Mrs. Woodward left almost the whole house to me, and the rest lived in the cookhouse—I don't know how, but it must have been very hard for them. So when poor Miss Matty died I walked six miles to get some one to bury her, and I had to give a black man all the money I found in Miss Matty's box to do it. I think it was a hundred dollars. I had some money of my own, that Miss Virginia gave me, and that I hid, for she told me I might want to go some day. Then you see," continued the child earnestly, "the rest of the family would not allow me to come near them, but a kind woman in the neighborhood let me come to her house, and gave me some clothes to change with."

"So I thought that by that time my duty was done, and God and Miss Virginia wouldn't reprove anything more of me. My good friend sewed up my money for me, and I set out to leave the place, and find some of the Northern cities, where I'd heard they would be kind to me. So I travelled all alone, day after day, and didn't stop in a train that was attacked by guerrillas, so that I lost my money, and then I walked and begged my way, and yesterday morning they landed me in Boston. It seemed as if I could hear Miss Virginia say when I got out of the car, 'Child, you'll find a home here, but I don't know.'"
"It's my opinion that you will, too," said my husband, and I assure you the tears were running pretty fast down my cheeks.

PATCHING.

Some of our politicians are coaxing Mrs. Columbia to imitate "the mother," of whom it is said in "The Cottoner's Saturday Night," that she
"with her needle and her shears,
Gave such cheap lessons as well the new."
The mother's poverty forced her to patch; an excuse which our national mother has no need to avail herself of, for she is both able and willing to provide new clothes to replace the torn garments in which her wayward children are now clothed. Besides, the "sauld claes" are not only torn, they are too small for the boys; and the old lady thinks, that if her rebellious sons are penitent, and wish to return to the old homestead, they should do so in garments suitable to its renovated condition. The returning prodigal was willing to wear a new robe; but the politicians, who love to patch as much as some women love to darn, pester her with offers of aid if she will only patch the old clothes. If permitted, they will contract to do the job, and present to her the garments checkered with as many patches as ever mottled a troop of beggars. But remembering that these politicians were not so ready with their aid when she was flogging her bad boys into obedience, she turns a deaf ear to their wheedling, and puts her foot down against all patching.
There has been enough of it in the family for the last forty years to last her for a lifetime. It did no service, and was not only expensive but a irritating as to beget a four years' quarrel. Therefore, hoping that the boys have learned new ideas concerning their filial and paternal duties, and are sorry for their misconduct, she proposes, in the kindness of her heart, to provide them with new garments adapted to their growth—and remembering those which her dutiful sons wear. In thus acting, she thinks she is obeying the advice of Him who knowing what was in man, said to those who sought to patch Christianity with Judaism, "No man putteth a piece of new cloth upon an old garment, for that which is put in to fill up, taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse."
The editor of the New Orleans Times advises the colored people who have employment to get certificates from their employers to that effect. Suppose the editor of the Times and all his white fellow-citizens were compelled at every street corner to prove that they were pursuing some honest calling, how many white "vagabonds" would be found?
A STATESMANLIKE VIEW.—The Newberrie Times supported Holden because its editor was "tired of seeing white men elbowed off the banquet by negro soldiers." The editor and some other confederates surrendered a long time ago because they were tired of being thrashed by negro soldiers.
A soldier belonging to an Illinois regiment recently married a negro at Americus, Ga., whereupon his indignant comrades tarred and feathered him and drove him off. He was probably a Southern man by birth and education, and Hoosiers and Suckers don't take readily to Southern habits.

So we've adopted her, and are going to educate her, and the old home seems all alive. For my part, I never knew such a child. She takes care of my shoulders, and she's the loveliest little Christian alive. I couldn't like anything better than I do her, and if she isn't quite white, she's a great deal lighter than I am. So she's the history of my contraband; and I shouldn't wonder if she's a bright and shining light before many years roll round."

ROBERT E. LEE AND WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

The New Orleans Daily Tribune says that the following caustic article is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. B. F. Cray, editor of the Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis, Mo.:
WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.—We would soon send our son to a peak-house for health, or to a gamblers' den for education, as to send him to this villainous college. Robert E. Lee is its President, and we think him the worst man America has produced.
He was educated by the Government he tried to destroy, and therefore is an ingrate. He swore to defend the Government and its Constitution, and violated his oath, and therefore is a traitor and perjured wretch. He acted as a spy while yet in the employ of the Government, and betrayed the plans of his command, Gen. Scott. He saw thousands of helpless men put to death by the most atrocious cruelties ever perpetrated, and yet did not utter a syllable against the terrible wickedness.
Altogether he stands out, the most inexcusable vilest traitor of the whole crowd of criminals whom he headed. Putting him in the position of an educator of youth is an insult to the Government and an outrage upon all respectable teachers.
What have the youth of the country done that such a man should be their teacher? We would not for the wealth of the world be educated at such a place, by such a man. Every student who receives a diploma at his hands should be hanged through life. He ought to be excluded from every position of trust and honor. We would not permit a son to go to school to a teacher who should graduate under this arch-traitor. We go in for civilizing Old Virginia, and expelling from decent society the traitors, professors, and students of this traitor college. A more flagrant, indecent, unspokeable outrage than his election has never been perpetrated in the name of education.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The "Old Oaken Bucket."—The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Samuel B. Woodworth, while he was yet a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chamber and Chatham Streets, N. Y. Near by one Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he, setting the glass upon the table, and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *cave de vie* was superior to anything ever he had tasted.
"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one which in both of our estimations far surpassed this as a drink."
"What was that?" asked Woodworth dubiously.
"The draughts of pure, fresh, spring water, that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer."
The teardrops glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True, true," he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.
A wedding was interrupted lately in Colchester, England, by the levity of the groom. All went well until the clergyman required the bridegroom to repeat after him the words, "I take thee to be my wedded wife."
"For better, for worse," etc., when he altered the formula to "I'll take her for better, but not for worse." The minister immediately closed the book and quitted the church.
A young man in Harrisburg, Penn., answered an advertisement in a New York paper, which set forth that "valuable information would be forwarded on receipt of ten cents." The young man sent the ten cents, and received the following, "Friend, for your ten cents postage, etc., please find inclosed advice, which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months, and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore, my advice is, when you use a knife, always whittle from you."
Dictionary making appears to be a healthy business. Dr. Johnson saw seventy-five years; Walker lived to a good old age; Dr. Worcester, who died recently in Boston, was eighty-one; Noah Webster was eighty-five when he passed away; and the last English news reports the death of Dr. Richardson, at ninety.
A monument is to be erected at Moscow to commemorate the emancipation of the Russian peasants.

THE PRESIDENT TO CONGRESS. The Chicago Tribune's Washington correspondent has the following with regard to President Johnson's forthcoming message:
"A Major General in the confidence of the President—if we may receive his own assurance upon this point—was given to understand that a few days since, in a frank interview with His Excellency, that the message would receive and convey to Congress all executive responsibility in connection with reconstruction; that His Excellency would say for substance, 'Gentlemen of the two Houses: I have the honor to represent to your sovereignties that upon assuming office I found a very conciliatory policy already inaugurated, not only formally, as in the reorganization of Louisiana, but lying ready in the councils of the administration, for universal application upon the return of peace. Coming to the Presidency under such circumstances as shadowed my coming, I could not think it courteous to my predecessor, or to his constitutional advisers, who were also mine, to interrupt the course of events already shaped, by the introduction of theories more satisfactory to myself. I have, therefore, without essential modification, carried forward the plans of your late President, not without the approval of a large proportion of my fellow citizens, deferring the formation of a new policy until I could avail myself of your very valuable counsels, and here I pause for your reply.'"

A SLAVE TO HER AUNT.

A girl nearly white visited the headquarters of General Brabin, at Lexington Ky., a few days ago and asked for a military protection from her aunt, a white woman, who claimed her as a slave, and demanded that the girl should either pay four hundred dollars for her freedom, or return again to bondage. The girl is the daughter of the lady's brother, and has lived with her aunt, Mrs. X., for sixteen years July last. The girl, whose name we will call Sally, thinking she had worked long enough for Aunt X., without pay, came to the city, obtained a pass from General B., and has since continued to live with her husband who is a hard working thrifty blackman, and provides his Sally with a good home and a comfortable living. The aunt claimed Sally under the Mayor's proclamation as a negro slave, and sought to return her to servitude. When the case came up before General B., he decided that it was improper for relations to hold each other in bondage and therefore advised Aunt X. to go in peace. She departed.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, EXAMINER PUBLISHES THE FOLLOWING LETTER:
"Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1865.
"Dear Sir: The Manchester Examiner and Times show me how kindly you have watched over my good name, and seen justice done me in the matter of alleged arguing for repudiation. Accept my thanks. I judge you see our American papers. If so, you will observe that our best guides, both journals and public functionaries, are now directing public attention to the very point my arguing which, during the last year or two, has got me so much censure—I mean the point that national credit in pecuniary matters is one and the same question with justice to the negro. Let him vote, our public debts, state and national, will be paid. Shut him out from the franchise, and give back the unconverted southern white race their old power, and there's a greater danger we shall repudiate. I mail with this the Anti-Slavery Standard, September 24. Please notice Thaddeus Stephen's speech on this point. Of course you will see Sumner's speech, and will have observed Chief Justice Chase's observations. Our journals are just printing an excellent letter of your noble Stuart Mill, which covers the whole ground. I hope we shall be wise in time, but I do not expect that we shall. I fear that Mr. Johnson will deliver us, bound hand and foot, into the hands of the old tyrant white race of the South.
"Yours, with thanks for your kind thoughtfulness,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.
Mr. Barker, in transmitting this letter to the Examiner, says:
"From letters recently received from the United States, I believe that William Lloyd Garrison will visit England next spring, accompanied by his devoted friend and our esteemed countryman, Mr. George Thompson, when I am sure the people of Manchester will give to these great champions of freedom a most cordial and befitting reception."
FOREIGN ITEMS.
The English friends of General Garibaldi positively deny the truth of the statement that the General has been obliged, on account of his want of means, to sell two horses. They say he is sufficiently provided for against such a necessity, and that if the horses were sold, it was only because they had become unnecessary on the farm at Caprera.
A terrible fire broke out on the night of Oct. 13th in some of the storehouses attached to the arsenal of Naples. The firemen had to work incessantly until daybreak before the conflagration was effectually overpowered. The damage is estimated at 2,000,000 francs, but the cause of the disaster is as yet unknown.
It has been ordered in Moscow that in all public buildings the doors shall open outwards instead of, as heretofore, inwards. The reason of this arrangement is to enable people to have free egress in the event of any panic or accident occurring.
In Croatia the highroads are so unsafe, owing to the bands of robbers which prevail there, that it is thought martial law will be proclaimed there before long. A notorious robbing chief, Joseph Udman, besides three others less famous, have just been made prisoners.
The French Government, in order to thwart as far as lies in its power the Students' Congress at Liege, ordered the railway companies not to convey any persons going to the congress at reduced fares, and has warned the manager of the Theatre Francais that no member of his company must play at Liege.
A boy named Joseph Petit has just been executed at Chalons-sur-Saone, for the murder of his mother, under circumstances too horrible to describe. For a long time he supported his course by an idea that they never executed one so young as he was.
The Patrie has received intelligence that a cargo of cotton, gum, etc., purchased at Djedah, by a French trader, has made a passage direct from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal, and arrived at Port Said.
The Appeal Court of Gothen in Sweden has just quashed, on the grounds of informality, the judgment in the affair of Pastor Lindstrom, condemned for having poisoned several of his parishioners in administering the sacrament. A new trial has been ordered.

PROPHETIC WORDS.—All the great chapters of Humanity have been written in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain, now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost.—(Theodore Parker, 1862.)
The process of making pails by machinery is so rapid as to baffle the eye, and so comically instantaneous that any one who witnesses it for the first time laughs over it as a most excellent practical joke. There is a whiz of revolving wheels, a splutter of white shaving, a procession of little staves chasing one another in the air then another whiz of the collected staves, and the pail is hooped and made.—Ex.

FLOWERS FOR PERFUMES.

Flowers for perfumes.—Flowers are generally reckoned rather among the beautiful than the useful institutions. The manufacture of perfumery, however, furnishes employment to great number of laborers.
According to the New York Tribune, the quantity of flowers manufactured into perfumes in the town of Cannes alone, amounts to the following quantities, which we give in tons instead of pounds: Orange blossoms, 700 tons; Roses, 250 tons; jasmine, 50 tons; violets, 37 tons; acacia, 22 tons; jonquil, 2 tons;—amounting in all to over 1,100 tons of flowers, and being sufficient, if piled on waggon loads of hay, to form a close procession more than three miles long, or sufficient to fill twenty good sized barns.